THE SEABEE NEWS

Published Every Friday By The 76th Battalion, Detached Unit

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A SOLDIER SPEAKS

So you're sick of the way the country is run,
And you are sick of the way the rationing is done,
And you're sick of standing around in a line,
You're sick, you say - well that's just fine.

So am I sick of the sun and the heat,
And I'm sick of the feel of my aching feet,
And I'm sick of the mud and the jungle flies,
And I'm sick of the stench when the night mists rise.

And I'm sick of the siren's wailing shriek,
And I'm sick of the groans of the wounded and weak,
And I'm sick of the sound of the bomber's dive,
And I'm sick of seeing the dead alive.

I'm sick of the roar and the noise and the din,
I'm sick of the taste of food from a tin,
I'm sick of the slaughter - I'm sick to my soul,
I'm sick of playing a killer's role.

I'm sick of blood, of death and the smell,
And I'm even sick of myself as well,
But I am sicker still of a tyrant's rule,
And conquered lands where the wild beasts drool.

I'm cured darn quick when I think of the day,
When all this hell will be out of the way,
When none of this mess will have been in vain,
And the lights of the world will blaze again.

And things will be as they were before,
And kids will laugh in the streets once more,
And the Axix' flags will be dipped and furled,
And God will look down on a peaceful world.

(Submitted by E. H. Chunn. The author is unknown).

DIVINE SERVICES
Every Sunday

(Protestant)

0900 ---------- Menge Theater
1100 ---------- Cooper Chapel

(Catholic Devotions)

0900 ---------- Seabee Recreation Room

NO MOVIE SCHEDULE THIS WEEK

Due to our inability to secure a new movie schedule at press time, next week's movies will not be shown in this issue.

TROPICAL MADNESS

A Seabee in a corner, quite and glum,
Stripped to the waist, burned by the sun,
Caught by a box and a candle's faint gleam,
He wrote these words to the rhythm of rain.

Where they aint no ten commandments,
And a man can raise a thirst,
Lie the outcasts of civilization,
The victims of life at its worst.

Down in the rain soaked islands,
Are the men that God forgot,
Battling the treacherous fever,
The itch and tropical rot.

Nobody knows they are living,
And nobody gives a damn,
Back home they are soon forgotten,
Those Seabees of Uncle Sam.

Seabees on foreign duty,
Earning their meager pay,
Guarding their country's millions,
On a dot of land far away.

Living with all the natives,
Down in a swoltering zone,
Dreaming of wives and loved ones,
Thousands of miles from home.

Drenched with sweat at evening,
They sit on their bunks and dream,
Killing themselves with beer,
To dry up memories steam.

Turning at night on their pillows,
Ills "NO" doctor can cure,
Hell "NO", they're not exiled,
Just Seabees on foreign tour.

(Submitted by J. M. Allen. The author is unknown).

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TODAY'S BRIGHT THOUGHT

"Some guys who are considered wise are merely successful in hiding their ignorance."

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"Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors." - VOLTAIRE.

HEADQUARTERS

Durrell, PhM2c and headquarters company's ex-sheriff, is busier than the proverbial one armed paper hanger at his new job.

The official progress pictures of our various projects are pretty well completed and he is now turning out some fine shots of the platoons, and military groups within the companys. Most of these will be censored and can be mailed home.

Durrell has been working night and day since the start of his new job. He is doing mighty g ood work and is turning out pictures as fast as time and limited facilities will permit so go easy on him boys.

David Joy has been assigned to assist Durrell while aboard this station.

Deep up the go d work, photographers.

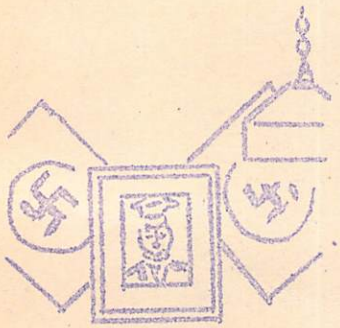
FLASH - 26, SEPTEMBER 1943: Lost, strayed or stolen, or just plain missing: One very unusual black mustachio. Anyone having information on w ereabouts of sae, please report it to Chief Stockdale as he is missing one.

Parker to chief, at Monday morning's muster, when he noticed the missing mustache: "Golly Chief, you look like a club in the middle of a heart flush."

Phil Staab, SC3c, is leaving for the hospital soon. He has been suffering from arthritus for several months and needs treatment. His many friends here wish him good luck and a speedy recovery. So long, Phil.

Have you noticed that new sail boat out on the lagoon? We will try to interview the maker of that boat next week, so watch for it.

COMPANY D

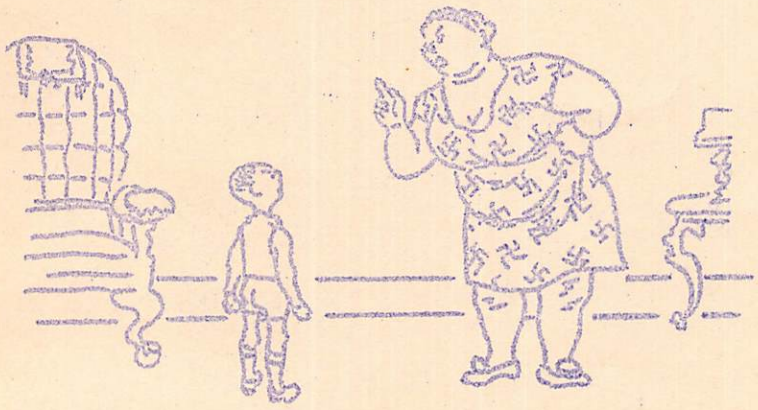


Anyone interested in fishing, see E. A. Beagles, or C. E. Young immediately. All their fishing privileges and concessions will be gladly given to anyone desiring them. Ill health is given as the reason for discontinuing their hobby.

The sing ng so often heard in the scullery at meal time, is conducted by J. C. Wright, S2c of Cullman Alabama. J. C., better known as the Song Bird of the South, comes from a family noted for their singing. He says singing is a gift with him.

A new chief is being frozen out of his manufacturing business here. He thought he had a monopoly on the manufacture of a certain article but has found out differently now. He would like to know who started the new corporation, anyway.

J. L. Clampett, the Haworth Oklahoma glamour boy, says the first step to glamour is a velvety smooth skin. "Use the Proper soap for your bath and have a body beautiful, like mine," he says.



"IF YOU ARE NOT A GOOD LITTLE BOY, I'LL TELL DER FUERHER AND HE WILL SEND YOU TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT."

(ESQUIRE)

We don't know what kind of flies they have in Louisiana but from the size of the fly swatter, V. H. Hessler of Louisiana made to use here, they must be about three times as large as a horse fly.

The scuttlebutt has suddenly veered away from: when are we leaving? and where are we going? to, when am I going to have my picture made?

What electrician's mate was seen going up the road the other afternoon with his bathing suit on? You can't climb poles in a bathing suit.

A LETTER HOME

Dearest Nancy and Carroll:

The sun has set, another week gone by. I was just thinking how time does fly. And yet it seems we've been parted for years, as the months roll by and a new month nears. I miss those pattering feet of our sweet little man and those fat little fingers on his sweet little hand. He would sugar my food and pinch with a twist and pretend to box me with his cute little fists. I miss also his sweet little hugs, his playing in the bed like a bunch of bugs, his soft little kisses and his pretty smiles. It's kids like him that make life worthwhile.

But most of all, and believe me it's true, I miss the very presence of you. A wife who is honest and upright and true, I am away from home to make home safe for you. I hope its true and I don't think that I am lying, any American or ally would'nt mind dying if that's what it takes to make countries free so that men may have homes and a family tree.

No dictators to bother, no rulers to see, freedom of speech and sweet liberty. I'm sure no man minds leaving home for a spell just for a chance to make Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo yell. It's a true American's job to be on the go and we'll all be back in a year or so. I'll be back some day and I can proudly say I did my best while I was away. I did my duty from daylight 'til dawn for the good of my country and the folks at home.

From your loving husband,

(Written here on the Rock, The writer prefers to remain unknown. Ed)

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Wigzell seems to be quite a checker player - Jenkins and McLavy by doubling up sometime held him to a draw.

The boys in hut 17 are complaining again - This time it is about Gibbs talking too loud when he makes his noon report to Mr. Forbes. This disturbs their daily nap.

DIFFICULT THESE DAYS

Why should a man try to hide behind a woman's skirt when even the woman herself can't do it.

WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD

SCUTTLEBUTT

Somebody's wife who works in a greeting card printing plant says that she saw an order for twenty thousand New Year cards with the following inscription: "Happy New Year and Welcome Home 76th Naval Construction Battalion."

For further details see, Pop Wells, the dynamiting demon.

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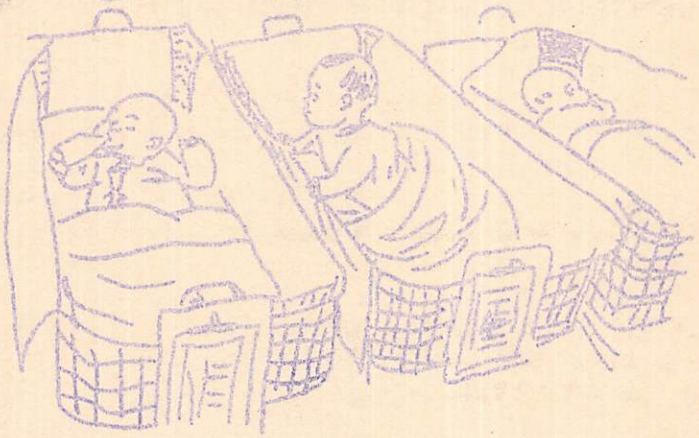
"How fortunate I am! Whenever I make a mistake somebody is sure to discover it ! - CONFUCIUS

SPORTS

Sporting events for the week were at a standstill but I am told that there will be plenty of action in the near future. While there is space for it I would like to draw your attention to the work that has been accomplished by the Recreation Department under the supervision of Mr. Clauve, our Recreation Officer. In the first place, we have the best ball diamond on the Island, with backstop, bleachers and a good fast infield. Secondly, we have a very fine volley ball court that may be used at anytime by anyone wishing to do so. Next, our boxing ring is regulation in every detail and the only thing lacking there, for the present, is a few contenders.

The striking bag platform for either fast or heavy bags is all that a man in training for a fight could ask for. We have a ping pong table in the recreation hut and a lot of the fellows that I have seen playing there did not turn in their name for the tournament. An asphalt surfaced basketball court that is as good an outdoor court as can be found anyplace. A four walled hand ball court where you may have all the workout that you can stand. Our athletic locker is full of equipment for all the games, and more, we have courts to play on and our Recreation hut is full of all kinds of indoor games.

A special vote of thanks is due Mr. Clauve for the fine job he has done and we should all take pride in and help take care of what we have because we have more forms of recreation available than any other outfit on the Rock.



"I think I'll change to the bottle, too - I'm getting tired of cigarette ashes being dropped in my eyes!"

THIS AND THAT

According to information reaching us, "Coony" Norris is really on the beat but is being hard pressed by one L. A. Simpson. Simpson was seen at the controls of a certain truck the other day. Loy W. Lewis is looking for his chance to undermine the other two. And incidentily, Lewis is still on the lookout for a long Pontiac with a slick finish.

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The increased number of flies here is fast becoming a menace. We can all help to alleviate this situation by properly disposing of certain perishable foods. Containers are conveniently placed in the area for that purpose.

If and when the Marines leave this dear old Rock, the DAILY EAGLE will be sorely missed by all Seabees. We wish to express our sincere appreciation to Sgt. Harris and his staff for making their splendid publication available to us.

WELCOME

A SINCERE WELCOME FROM ALL OF US TO CHAPLAIN ROY B. CHAMBERLIN, WHO IS HERE FOR A VISIT. WE ARE GLAD YOU ARE HERE MR. CHAMBERLIN AND PLEASE DON'T MAKE YOUR STAY WITH US TOO SHORT. WE SINCERELY HOPE THAT YOUR STAY WITH US WILL BE AS PLEASANT TO YOU AS IT IS TO US. AGAIN, WELCOME SIR.